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1899


IN MEMORIAM

NMB



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^{nie}
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FRASER



IN MEMORIAM
ELLEN BEATRICE
MOIR

Sister of Donald Fraser nee Fraser

BORN AT GAINSBOROUGH

6th April, 1875

ENTERED INTO REST AT DUMFRIES

24th February, 1899

In Memoriam



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IN MEMORIAM

ELLEN BEATRICE MOIR fell asleep in Jesus on Friday, February 24th, 1899, at S. John's Rectory, Dumfries. The cause of her death is best told in some anonymous verses which appeared in the local paper :

"A lily bud pure as a precious gem
Was gathered in love from the parent stem
To be set in a heavenly diadem.

"The angels saw 'twas so fragile and fair,
They deemed it had need of a mother's care,
And the parent flower was transplanted there.

"The flower and the bud asunder were riven,
But God in His infinite love hath given
The Babe to the Mother, and both to Heaven."

But the sympathetic interest which the sad event evoked was not accounted for by the pathetic circumstances which attended Mrs. Moir's death. It was the evidence of the deep-rooted attraction which her life and character had for all who knew her.

This little "brochure" is issued as a souvenir of one who had endeared herself to a large circle of friends ; and it is with the hope that it may deepen the influence of her memory that it has been "privately" printed.

As a girl, "Beatrice" was the centre of life in a large and affectionate family. Around her gathered the enthusiasm of her brothers and sisters. She suggested their amusements, invented their games, and organized their little festivals.

From her childhood she evinced a wonderful spirit of energy, mixed with rare unselfishness ; all her efforts were directed to corporate enjoyment, and not to personal distinction. She had a true sense of humour, and was a clever mimic, but her wit was always good-natured and never

cynical—it excited laughter but it never caused tears. Lines written by her at the age of sixteen evidence the spirit which animated her: “If all people,” she enters in her diary, “would meet sorrow with a laugh instead of with a groan, it would often enough send it away. . . . What is the good of meeting sorrow half-way? What is the good of crying when the milk is spilt? My opinion is—Be thankful the jug was not broken too! You are at school! Be thankful you are not in a convent! A tennis-ball has hit you in the eye—be thankful it did not hit both!”

If these aphorisms had been written by a man of sixty we should call them “philosophy”—written by a girl of sixteen they evidence an incipient faith of which she herself was perhaps little aware. The source of it lay in the environment of her home. To the example and precepts of her father and mother Beatrice owed the character which distinguished her conduct. Heredity accounts for much in us all—home influence accounts for more!

While still a girl (for she was always young for her age) Beatrice entered with enthusiasm into the mission work of the Church. In the homes of the poor and the outcast, in the districts of Cowcaddens and Port-Dundas, she learnt the meaning of the Spirit which was in her, and in the shadow of the Cross she gained the knowledge of the love of God.

The Meditations and Poems contained in this little booklet will show how quickly this budding knowledge grew into a steadfast faith ; and how the example of her Saviour became to her the real beacon-light of life.

The idea of self-righteousness which might well have been a temptation to a nature less simple and true, never seems to have tainted her pure charity. "Christ must increase, but I must decrease" was not only her motto, it was also the plan of her life and work.

Beatrice was not without faults, and she was deeply sensible of them, as those who knew her best can testify ; but by God's grace her

failings had so little power to blur the beauty of her life that we may well leave them where she placed them, at the foot of her Master's Cross.

Further, she was not without trials; her constitution was never robust, and nothing but her courageous spirit could have saved her from the baneful effects of bad health. On June 30th, 1896, she married.

Her husband, the Rev. F. C. Moir, was at the time Rector of S. Mary's Church, Port-Glasgow. This marriage was an union of hearts, and a most perfect blending of natures, which gave promise of the highest happiness which this world can give.

Mrs. Moir was very sensible of the responsibilities which she had incurred in becoming a clergyman's wife, not only as "an example to the flock," but still more because of the privileges which were consequently brought to her in the nearness of holy things.

At Port-Glasgow, and afterwards at Dumfries, she strove to live "worthy of the vocation to

which she was called," and the affection of children and women testified to the success of her efforts.

She had an instinctive hatred of oppression, and was interested in all movements for the suppression of injustice, especially towards women and children ; but her great common-sense, and in some measure her keen sense of humour, preserved her from being carried away by any extravagant social theories or propaganda.

Thus all her life she passed on her way in a ray of light ; sweet, affectionate memories followed her. Her presence was always a source of joy and pleasure, and her visits among the poor were eagerly anticipated and looked back upon with comfort.

Indeed, in all relations of life we find in her this power of suffusing sunshine, and we ask the reason and the source of this kindly influence. The Meditations in this little book will give the answer.

Without recognizing the truth, men and

women were the better for the sight and smile of one who had been "with Jesus." This was the secret of her charm, and it was also the root of her own happiness.

Thus two years were passed in God's service, and though, before God called her to her rest, she was a great sufferer for some time, yet her cheerfulness was unvarying, and her industry untiring!

We will only lift a corner of that veil which ought to shroud what is too sacred for any gaze. The last scene, like the death of a saint, is given us by God for the strengthening of our faith. As she lay bereaved of her baby (which only lived just long enough to be baptized), by her patient resignation she showed that the faith, which in her maidenhood could pen the following lines, was constant in maternity :

"Can't you understand, poor mother,
Why that child so dear to you
Was quickly snatched up from your bosom,
Long before the world it knew?"

"'Twas a message sent from Heaven
To guide you to the realms above,
And that little one shall lead you
To a land of light and love."

And, as in the light which comes to those who are "compassed about with angels," she saw the end drawing near, and "the land of light and love" opening before her, she lay expectant in the perfect confidence of one who in the bloom of youth could write :

"When the twilight turns to darkness,
And the end is drawing near,
While the silver cord is breaking,
Thou shalt find His love most dear.

"Thou shalt see His arm outstretch'd
To draw thee to His breast,
And in the light of His own presence
Thou shalt find Heaven's perfect rest."

Into that "perfect rest" she gradually and peacefully sank. "What He wishes," and "In God's keeping," were the last words which she uttered on earth, and the light which illumines those who, dying, believe that "to be with

In Memoriam

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Christ is far better," lay like a glory on her face.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

"For what is death to those who knew Thee here,
But just the touch of God, most kind, most dear."¹

R. H. B.

¹ Lines written by Mrs. Moir.



Ellen Beatrice Moir





Ellen Prentiss, Nov.
Nov. 30, 1896

Ellen Beatrice Moir





Ellen Postive. Hair.
June 30, 1890





ELLEN BEATRICE MOIR

IT has been very beautifully said, that
"When Death strikes down the innocent
and young, for every fragile form from which
he lets the panting spirit free, a hundred
virtues rise in shapes of mercy, charity, and
love, to walk the world and bless it. Of
every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on
such green graves, some good is born, some
gentler nature comes."

Surely this is pre-eminently true of our
dearest one, whom God took to Himself on
S. Matthias' Day, February 24th, 1899.

This little book consists for the most part
of some of the original Meditations and
Poems of our dear departed one.

It is meant to be a Sacred Memento for

those who love her. It will be a help to them in their efforts to "follow God's blessed saints in all virtuous and godly living."

Her life on earth was very beautiful; full of love for God and her neighbour; full of the sweetest unselfishness; full of the deepest humility; full of noble resignation to God's will.

Her's was a life "hid with Christ in GOD." Truly her "conversation was in Heaven." But her writings will speak best of her saintly character, so we proceed to the sacred duty of setting down the expressions of the innermost thoughts of our dearest one.

Her Meditations

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HER MEDITATIONS

"In the world ye shall have tribulation."

S. John xvi. 33.

How true! How wretchedly empty is the world! Look forward to any great event of happiness. Think about it. Long for it. How often are we disappointed! . . . Lord grant that I may find my joy in heavenly things.

*"He was in the world, and the world
was made by Him, and the world
knew Him not."*

S. John i. 10.

True *then*; true, alas! *now*. How few
know Him. Do I know Him?

Distinguish between knowing Him and
knowing *about* Him. We have all heard the
Gospel story. But to *know* Him is different.
Do I always realize His presence? Every-
where! and every minute of the day? Lord,
how little do I know Thee! O make me
to know Thee, and to feel Thee ever near.

"Look to yourselves."

2 S. John v. 8.

I must look to myself, but not with eyes blinded with self-satisfaction.

The above is not a mere pious ejaculation. She had, like all who live near God, a deep consciousness of sin. This was shown by the searching questions in her form of self-examination. Exaggeration, uncharitable speaking, forgetfulness of God's presence—failings, which, to many seem but trivial, were to her sins to be repented of.

"Mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of Hosts, therefore I abhor myself."

A deep pathos underlies the three following Meditations. They were written while she was unable to leave her room. It was her custom at this time (and indeed all through her illness) to ascertain before service what hymns were to be sung, and what the text of the sermon was to be. And, after faithfully, on her couch, offering the prayers and praises of the Church's service, she would make her Meditation, either on the text chosen, or on the subject of one of the hymns. And thus she sought consolation in the bitter disappointment of being unable to go to the House of God. How bitter that disappointment really was, the following lines will show.

"The people, therefore, that stood by, and heard it, said that it thundered: others said, An Angel spake to Him."

S. John xii. 29.

The people (*i.e.* the greater portion of the bystanders) thought that it thundered. What wonder that the Prophet in earlier days cried out that ears had become dull? What two things could be more unlike than thunder and an angel's voice?


The sound in reality was the voice of God. So, to-day the voice of God cries out, and those who hear it—O how happy they! Nature, Sorrow, Joy, are but the lips through which He speaks to us. And those who hear Him not are dead to nature—they know not the joy of their joys, and alone they carry their sorrows. And when to them individually the voice of God speaks, they only think it thunders, and shut their ears for fear they should hear.

And do *I* hear in all things the voice of God? Am I listening for it? For only those who listened for a heavenly sound *heard* that Divine voice—the others thought it thundered.

Think not, then, because it is denied thee to go to the House of God to worship, and that because you cannot do any active service for the Master, that thy spiritual life shall be hindered. Hearken for the Voice of God: My child, thou must lean on Me, and not on thy small efforts. Come naked to the Cross, and I will clothe thee. Some day thou shalt see it was a Father's loving hand that bade thee wait. Behold, O Lord, it is enough, and I am content, so be that I may love Thee and serve Thee in whatever way Thou orderest. It is the best; but give me a heart to hear Thee speak in all.

AMEN.

It is His Holy Will, wherefore be not discomfited. Remember Milton says, "They also serve who only stand and wait." Shall I only want to serve the Master in what way I like best? Behold, O Lord, Thy will be done. "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according as Thou wilt."



*"Nearer my God to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."*

And, when the cross comes, shall I indeed complain and murmur? But, Lord, behold, the cross seems to hide Thee from me. I would go unto Thy Sanctuary and meet Thee, my Saviour, there. I would work for Thee, and yet this cross binds me to stand in idleness. I would praise Thee among the congregation; but again the cross binds me to stay behind. I would humbly kneel and worship Thee; but my cross prevents me.

And yet, O Lord, the things I would gladly forsake, I must adhere to.

Is it a cross, Lord? Shall I receive it without a word? Or is it a work of the Devil to draw me from Thee? Lord, Thou wilt not forsake me and I will follow Thee wherever Thou leadest. If it be a work of

the Devil, then must I not complain, but be the more fervent in spirit, the more earnest in prayer, the more eager to serve Thee (even though the way is obscure), that the temptation being overthrown I may defeat him and be brought nearer to my God. If it be a cross from Thee, O Lord, I will praise Thee for it. O give me grace to carry it that it may draw me nearer unto Thee. Lord, it is hard to understand how a cross that separates me from Thy service, and from all that tends to draw me unto Thee, should be for my good. Nevertheless, Lord, Thy will be done.


“Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.” Some day I may be able to look back and see how a loving Father directed it all for mine own good. When I would complain, help me, Lord, to remember the Cross that Thou didst bear for me, and by its grace so to carry mine, that it may draw me nearer unto Thee.

The thought contained in the following meditation is very beautiful. Does it not show how our dear one looked beneath the surface and penetrated to the inner meaning of God's Word.

"The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre."

S. John xx. 1.

What a lesson to me! How apt I am to wait until one of those rays of heavenly light lightens the darkness of my soul, and *then* to pray and draw near to God. Lord, give me grace, while it is yet *dark*, to seek Thee. When my faith is dim, and the path seems full of obstructions, and all seems darkness and despair, grant me grace to put my hand in Thine.



"He must increase, but I must decrease."

S. John iii. 30.

My motto for last year, and again my motto for the coming year, and still it shall always be my motto, till that glorious day when we shall be filled with His glory; when we shall shine with His brightness; when we shall have so decreased that we know not whence we are, but only know Him—only think of Him—only glory in Him. Lord grant that this glory may be mine. . . . How much there is of myself; how little of Thee! Even as I kneel down to pray, I am scarce able to leave the world, but find my thoughts with myself and my surroundings. So much of self is present; so little, O Lord, of Thee.

O Lord, increase within my heart. Fill it with Thyself, that there may be no room for the world, or me—but Thee, Thee only, O Saviour. I long for Thee: I pine for Thee.

"O make my heart Thy dwelling-place
And worthier Thee."

5

Two Meditations on Prayer



TWO MEDITATIONS ON PRAYER

IN prayer the soul beholds its God. It sees itself vile, unfit, sluggish, and oh, so cold ! But as it pleads the Cross of Jesus, and gazes upon the glory of the holiness of God, shining forth, so that even the angels have to hide their faces, it rises from the world, and, absorbed in ecstasy, drinks in the joy and happiness of that place where there is no sin. It longs for that holiness and longs to behold the Saviour, who laid down His glory and His life, that the souls of men should share His glory and the rest of that eternal home.

Through all our daily work we have Heaven in us, and when we pause awhile, and kneel

before the Throne of God in prayer and
praise, behold, we *are* in Heaven.

“Lord, make my heart Thy dwelling-place
And worthier Thee.”

Those who have seen her at public prayer in the church can best understand the beautiful thoughts contained in these Meditations. One could almost read her thoughts in her face. Her whole being was absorbed. The wrapt expression of her countenance showed how her mind was completely lifted up out of the world, and her soul filled with ecstasy in the blessed sunshine of God's presence.

Her Poems

WE have made no attempt to correct these poems, for we think it is best to give them precisely as she left them. They were written at different times of her life—many of them when she was quite a child. The reader will observe how the deep and beautiful thoughts, which appear in her *Meditations*, were stirring in her mind from her early days.




HER POEMS

Light in Darkness

DARKNESS gathered all around me, storms on
every side I saw,
And my spirit sank within me, as I heard
the tempest roar,
For my way was steep and narrow, and my
cross was hard to bear,
Briers ever crossed my path, and filled my
life with care.

Then a coldness crossed my bosom, and I
looked around and saw
The World, with all its dazzling pleasures,
glittering ever more and more ;



Hands of old friends seemed to beckon, seemed
to lure me back again,
Till nought within my simple heart but worldly
longings did remain.



Then suddenly the whole world vanished, and
again I was alone,
But now I saw my wretchedness, and felt
my heart was made of stone ;
And I knelt me down in sorrow, and prayed
to Him who reigns above,
To shine down on me from Heaven one
small ray of faith and love.

Once more I looked around—and lo! each
cloud a silver lining bore,
I saw the glory of my cross, and all my
heart felt glad once more.
Through the briers I saw the roses, ever
sweetening all the way,
For that wondrous gleam from Heaven had
turned my darkness into day.

Babies

HOLY in their innocence, love and peace and
joy they bring,
Which oft to hearts bowed down is like the
touch of an Angel's wing ;
For their little hands will scatter, in hearts
cold with toil and care,
Seeds of love that take deep root, and fruit
of joy and blessings bear.

Can't you understand, poor mother, why that
child so dear to you
Was snatched up from your bosom long before
this world it knew ?
'Twas a message sent from Heaven to guide
you to the realms above,
And that little one shall lead you to a world
of light and love.





They are starting on life's journey, we can
but look back and smile,
Call to them, and wave them onward lead
them past all sin and guile ;
Free they are from taint of evil, sin to them
is yet unknown,
Reflected in each life we see a ray of light
from God's own throne.

Lullaby

SLEEP on, my Baby sweet, sleep on, for thou
hast nought on earth to dread,
God has sent a Guardian Angel to keep watch
around thy bed.
Hast thou seen Him, Babe, I wonder, seen
Him from the sky come down,
Through the shadow of a cross holding up
a golden crown?

Yes, sleep, sweet Babe, to-day, but while the
long, long years shall roll,
Strive to keep that Guardian Angel ever
watching round thy soul;
In grief or sorrow's darkened hour, the cross
He holds will shine out bright,
And give you power to sleep out fearless
through the world's long wintry night.



A Birthday Wish

Written to her sister for her twenty-first Birthday.

NOW you are twenty-one
A new life has begun,
You are no more a child
With fancies strange and wild ;
No, you are woman grown,
And new seeds must be sown
Along life's weary way.
You can no longer play
With sunbeams all the day ;
No, you must enter life,
And fight its bitter strife
With all your might and will.
God help you with your task,
That in your earthly mask
You may His work fulfil.
So, when life's journey's o'er,
And you near the longed-for shore,
You may for evermore
Your blessed Lord adore.



Be of Good Cheer

OFTTIMES in our lives a tempest makes us
feel downcast,
As our souls are tossed with anguish in the
cruel blast,
Yet the sunset will be fairer if the cross be
heavy here,
As against the darkest cloud the silver lining
shines most clear.

Life

*"And the Lord God formed man of the dust
of the ground, and breathed into his
nostrils the breath of life."*

Gen. ii. 7.

THE soul of one lay fettered to earth's sin,
And had no thought of holiness within ;
Bound down by pleasure's chains to worldly
 lust
He lived, and fed himself on carnal dust.

But God had breathed life into that soul,
And 'twas His loving wish to make him whole,
He sent an Angel with a flaming sword,
To cut down everything that he adored.

Bereft of earthly gains and earthly friends,
He now, in bitter anguish, lowly bends,
Beset by grief, with none to help or guide ;
He seeks for rest, but none on earth can find.

At last in tears of penitential grief,
Beneath the Cross of Christ he seeks relief,
And ere his prayer had reached Heaven's open
door,
God sent the Angel back again once more.

Who, beckoning, led him out into the night,
And upwards, till they stood upon a height,
From whence they saw the busy world below,
With throngs of people hurrying to and fro.

An aged man creep down the road they saw
Enter his house, and, making fast the door,
Reach down with nervous hands a store of
gold,
Which, pile by pile, he carefully unrolled.

But while he gazed and gloated o'er his hoard,
Down swept Death's Angel with a flaming
sword,
And dead he fell among his hidden gold,
The curse for which his greedy soul he'd sold.

"So much for earthly gains," the Angel said,
"He to his precious gold so fast was wed,
He could not look beyond his treasured store
To see the gold of Heaven that lasts for ever-
more."

Now on a church¹ the Angel turned his gaze,
Whose walls re-echoed with sweet songs of
praise
That filled the air, and rang through Heaven
again,
Where angel voices blended their refrain.

How happy they indeed who worshipped there,
As thus, forgetting earthly toil and care,
With Heaven's host did God the Lord adore,
Yes, here on earth sweet souls at peace they saw.

¹ S. Peter's, Glasgow.

And next his eyes fell on a death-bed scene—
A woman lay with countenance serene,
Just finishing her life's long weary race :
Transfixed, he gazed—it was his mother's
face.

The face that, as a youth, he loved so much !
But it had vanished, leaving him to clutch
The word alone, yes, left in tears and prayer,
That God would teach her child his cross to
bear.

And had that earnest prayer been all in vain ?
Oh ! how he wished he were a child again.
Could he but stand beside her bed just now,
To touch her hand, or soothe her aching brow !

But while in tears he watched the bed of pain,
The Angel gently touched his arm again,
And whispered : "'Tis enough and thou art
free,
Go, pray the Lord to show Himself to thee."

The Angel vanished, leaving him alone
Once more within his room ; before Heaven's
throne

He poured out all his soul in tears and grief,
And prayed that God would send His sure relief.

Christ never turned a sinner back that came
In penitence to call upon His Name ;
Forgiving all, He calmed that troubled breast,
And now that soul in His sweet peace doth
rest.

Contrition

The following lines were written in 1897 to be used as an Act of Contrition. Those who live nearest God feel sin most.

BEFORE Thy Sacred Cross, O Lord, so awful
and so dear,
I humbly kneel to lift my heart to Thee in
holy fear;
O Jesus, give me sorrow for all the suffering
and care,
The pain that I have caused Thee by my foul
sins to bear.

Lord, as I gaze upon Thee, hanging dead and
crucified,
And watch the stream of life-blood flowing
from Thy sacred side,

My heart with angry shame and indignation
loud does cry
Against the hideous sins of those who raised
Thy Cross on high.

But while I cry, O Jesu, make me realize and
know,
That it is I myself who made that precious
life-blood flow,
Each sinful act of mine brings back that
agony and pain,
Each angry word I speak does crucify my
Lord again.

And by my selfishness, my want of love, and
broken vow,
I tighter press that crown of thorns upon
Thy bleeding brow ;
The treasured lusts of earth to-day I hoard
within my heart
Pierce through Thee now more deeply than
the nails' most cruel smart.

O Saviour, give me heartfelt sorrow, give me
tears and grief,
Stretch out Thy bleeding hand in mercy,
Lord, and send relief;
Forgive, O Lord, forgive, turn not Thy face
of love away,
Forgive, and cleanse my heart, and teach me
how to love and pray. AMEN.

Prayer

PRAY unto God with reverence, whom all the
hosts of Heaven adore,
Pray earnestly, for life is short, and death is
ever at thy door ;
For aught thou knowest, ere this day so full of
life be passed away,
Thy soul shall be required of thee, and thou
shalt be a corpse of clay,
No more to pray on earth, till that dread hour
when thou shalt stand alone,
Full face to face with th' Almighty at the great
white Judgment Throne ;
Rise ! pray to Him, while yet thou livest, learn
to love and praise Him here,
And He shall find thee ready waiting when that
awful day draws near.

God is Love

O LOVE, that through all years now passed
 away
Hast been the life and sunshine of each
 day,
Forgiving all, and still through all our sin,
Opening God's heart and bidding us enter
 in.

When my sad heart was filled with grief and
 woe,
And sorrowing tears of pain did constant
 flow,
'Twas Thou didst shine out through the bitter
 night,
And turned the weary darkness into light.

'Tis Thou dost nerve the weary arm to fight,
'Tis Thou alone dost cheer death's darksome
night ;

For what is death to those who know Thee
here

But just the touch of God, most kind, most
dear ?

O Love of God still shine on me to-day,
And guide me ever by Thy holy ray ;
Light up my path, that wheresoe'er I go,
Through Thee I may beat down my every
foe.

Lines

These lines following were added to a poem written by her sisters on the Anniversary of her Father and Mother's Wedding Day, 1897.

THE ring is given, the vow is made, two souls
for ever one,
Together on life's journey now their happy
course they run.

Look on a bit—the girlishness has changed
to womanhood,
And daily lovelier has grown each action,
thought, and mood,
And though the hand of time has tinged
these curly locks with grey,
Yet sweeter has that sweet face grown, while
years have passed away.

See, round her heart are wound nine other
 hearts by chains of gold,
That chain which is a mother's love, whose
 strength is all untold ;
For none but those who, day by day, have
 watched that loving heart,
Can tell its depth, or know the hidden joy
 it does impart.
But *we* have seen the self-devotion, marked
 the long unceasing care,
The all-forgetfulness of self—the joy with us
 to share,
Each joy or sorrow—and, when, at times the
 day was dark and sad,
Her smile would chase away each darksome
 cloud and make us glad ;
And deep within our hearts that love grows
 fonder year by year,
We can but praise the God who gave us such
 a mother dear.

The Devil's Argument in a Soul

FULL of life, and full of pleasure, what care
 I for grief and pain,
 Nothing in my heart but mirth and joy shall
 ever reign!

Why should I mourn for others' sorrows?
 Why should I bear another's cross?
 Why should my young life be burdened with
 listening to tales of woe and loss?

O selfish heart, how canst thou utter words
 of folly such as these?
 Whilst hearts do bleed with pain and sorrow,
 canst thou lie down in rest and ease?
 Is't nought to thee that souls are dying for
 want of care and want of love?
 If thou wilt bless not, how canst thou expect
 a blessing from above.

**"Why reason ye these things in your
heart?"**

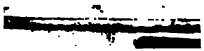
O DOUBTING heart, why will you ponder on
these thoughts of unbelief?
See, the Saviour's hands stretched out to help
thee now and send relief!
Go to His Cross, and kneeling low, spread
out thy doubts before His feet,
And thou shalt find thy fears are groundless,
thou shalt find His love complete.

You doubt His love for thee? then come and
gaze awhile on Calvary,
See Him suffering, bleeding, dying, hanging
on that awful tree ;

Ah! hear His cry exceeding bitter! See His
dreadful agony!
All that fearful pain and anguish willingly
He bore for thee.

You doubt His love? Then gaze a moment
on that stable rude and bare,
Jesus Christ, the World's Creator, lying as
an Infant there!
For *thee* He left His throne of glory, left for
thee His heavenly bliss!
Poor doubting child! thou canst not turn
thy back on such a love as this.

You doubt His presence? Look around thee!
Him on every side I see,
Every bird, and beast, and flower sings His
presence forth to me.
Cleave the rock, and thou shalt find Him,
raise the earth and He is there,
Sun and moon, and all creation, record of
His presence bear.



Poor doubting heart ! ah ! well I know how
often Satan vexes sore,
Constant struggling, jeering, mocking, tempt-
ing daily more and more.
Be not down-hearted, watch him tremble as
he sees thee wrapt in prayer !
Baffled he retires, but watch ! he will return
with subtler snare.

And wouldst thou turn thy back on Christ,
because the devil would deceive ?
Wilt thou refuse thy Saviour's love, because
He asks thee to believe ?
Arise, and take the shield of faith, thou canst
not fight without its aid,
And wrestle on till Christ shall call thee, and
the battle shall be stayed.

When the twilight turns to darkness, and the
end is drawing near,
While the silver cord is breaking, thou shalt
find His love most dear,

Thou shalt see His arms outstretched to draw
thee to His loving breast,
And in the light of His own presence thou
shalt find Heaven's perfect rest.

The Baby

I KNEW a home where sin had fouled a heart
that once was good and pure,
All peace and joy had gone, only sin and
sorrow did endure ;
But the great God of Love looked down with
eyes of pity on their pain,
And sent a baby-messenger to bring Him
back His own again.

Now see that mother's heart rejoice, as tenderly
with pride and joy
She clasps with loving arms, yet closer to her
breast, her darling boy ;
Struggling to catch the glint of light the
sunbeam made upon the wall,
Yet turning her back upon the Sun from
whence comes light and love and all.

Three short years have passed away, and look
within that home again,
And see that mother weeping there, her soul
is torn with torturing pain ;
For lo, that child, that darling child, that
she had learned to love so much,
Lies stiff and cold—a lifeless form, snatched
from her breast by death's stern clutch.

Her heart was torn, with agony she cried :
“O Lord, 'tis hard indeed,
That Thou shouldst want my only child, my
little lamb. How canst Thou need
A babe so weak? see, endless angels ever
worship Thee, and all the world is Thine !
O spare my babe, my darling babe.”

And midst her sobbing there arose an angel's
voice most sweet and clear,
And whispered, oh ! so tenderly, this heavenly
message in her ear :

66 Ellen Beatrice Moir

“Weep not, poor mother, ’twas a loving God
 who plucked that tiny flower,
And He has placed it with His jewels in
 His own most holy bower.
He only lent it that its fragrance might arouse
 thee from thy sin,
And bring thee to the gates of Heaven, and
 make thee long to enter in.

“Weep not, go to Him, poor mother, take
 unto Him thy bleeding heart,
For only His dear love can heal thy wound,
 and soothe the aching smart ;
Go unto Him, pray unto Him, lift up thy
 heart to know His love,
And thou shalt kiss thy child again in His
 sweet Paradise above.”

And as she gazed upon the angel, lo ! he
 vanished from her sight,
But left behind a shining cloud that filled
 the room with heavenly light ;

And as she gazed upon its brightness, from
its midst she saw arise
A scene, as though a heavenly vision lived
and moved before her eyes.

After Holy Communion

It is almost needless to say, after reading the following lines, which we believe to be amongst the last she wrote, that our dearest one was a devout and frequent communicant. She had a wonderful love and reverence for the Blessed Sacrament. It was in very deed and truth to her a foretaste of Heaven's Eternal Bliss. She regarded it as the greatest joy and privilege of life below to be a partaker of that Sacred Feast.

CLEANSED by Thy sacred blood, forgiven my
sin,
Keep me, O gracious Lord, spotless within ;
Fed by Thy body, Lord, how sweet my rest,
Leaning for ever on Thy loving breast.
Watched by the Love of God, what need I
fear ?

Thou shalt preserve my soul when death is
near.

Guided by Thee, dear Lord, my hand in
Thine,

Lead Thou me onward till Heaven is mine.
O Light of lights be pleased with me to stay,
Then shall earth's darkest night be bright as
day.

Holy Jesus, make my heart Thy dwelling-
place,

That at last I may behold Thee face to face.

AMEN.

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